

1344. f.
3
Shakespeare (W)
K

THE
ROSES;
OR

KING HENRY THE SIXTH;
AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

Represented at READING SCHOOL,

OCTOBER 15th, 16th and 17th, 1795.

Compiled principally from SHAKESPEARE.

Published, as it was performed, for the benefit of the

CHEAP REPOSITORY
FOR MORAL AND INSTRUCTIVE TRACTS.

GRATIA SUMENDÆ NON ERAT ULLA ROSÆ.

Ovid *Fast.* V. 344.

READING:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY SMART AND COWSLADE;
SOLD ALSO BY MESS. ELMSLY, PRIDDEN,
RICHARDSON, G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON,
E. AND T. WILLIAMS, LONDON.

THE

R O S

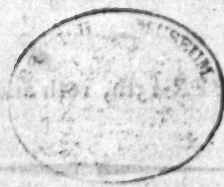


O R

KING HENRY THE SIXTH

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY

Represented at R. S. S. S. S.



Counted in the 45

1. 16.

536

Published, as it was performed, for the benefit of the

CHEAP REPOSITORY

FOR MORAL AND INSTRUCTIVE READING

GRATIA ANTHONY & SON, PRINTER, 10, N. 2ND ST.

REPRINTED

PRINTED AND SOLD BY THE AMERICAN BOOK CONCERN

10, N. 2ND ST. NEW YORK

RICHARDSON & CO. 10, N. 2ND ST.

10, N. 2ND ST. NEW YORK

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE four last *Acts* of the Third Part of **KING HENRY VI** furnished the plan of this dramatic piece. That the reader may have an idea of the difficulty of forming a Tragedy, neither offensive to delicacy, nor repugnant to the principles of modern taste, from these materials, he is requested to peruse the original, before he opens the following sheets.

The history of the war of the **ROSES** is clouded with an uncertainty, which neither the diligence of research, nor the sagacity of judgment, have been able to remove. In these circumstances of doubt, it was found expedient to retain the principal features of the Poet, who in his Historical plays, generally founds the events, which he describes, upon the *Chronicles* of the times. To preserve as far as possible the unity of Place, the scene is confined to England, and the embassy of the Earl of Warwick to France is not, as in the original, the subject of a scene in each country. The duration of the time is likewise contracted. The play opens after the battle of Wakefield; and some events of inferior importance, which are productive of anachronisms, are
here

ADVERTISEMENT.

here omitted. On the same principles of Unity, the temporary defection of the Duke of Clarence, however supported by respectable authorities, has been totally suppressed.

The Editor has not scrupled to take the liberty of introducing into this performance a few appropriate passages from the First and Second Parts of HENRY VI, and even from RICHARD II, plays, which are not in possession of the stage. Of this liberty, however, he has made a more modest use than Cibber in his RICHARD III.

The religious and patriotic passages, which are occasionally introduced, were not merely inserted with the view of engaging the applause of audiences, whose candor gave a generous encouragement to an exercise, intended only to instruct the performers in the principles of chaste action, and correct speaking. They are, it is hoped, strictly characteristical; and the Editor seized with pleasure the opportunity of instilling, in the minds of his pupils, sentiments calculated to inspire them with FERVENT DEVOTION TO THEIR GOD, DISINTERESTED LOYALTY TO THEIR KING, AND ACTIVE LOVE OF THEIR COUNTRY.

* * Of the excellent institution, for the support of which this Play was represented, some account would be given, had not the Poet-Laureate, whose benevolence is equal to his genius, so admirably described the nature and object of it in the Epilogue.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM BENWELL, M. A.

SPOKEN BY MR. JENNER.

YOU, who, with ear entranc'd and silent tongue,
On tales of grief impassion'd oft have hung,
With pity view what now our scenes disclose,
And drop the ready tear for England's woes !
See, rous'd by rival chiefs of kingly line,
In hostile combat kindred legions join :
Each adverse Baron, proud in martial might,
Calls forth his hardy vassals to the fight !
Forgot the ties, by Heav'n's high will assign'd,
Which man to man in holy compact bind,
'Gainst brother brother lifts the vengeful blade,
And youths in arms their hoary fires invade.
The good and just, amid th' unequal strife,
Ere Nature dooms, untimely robb'd of life,
By murd'ers' weapons feel the fatal wound,
Or sink in deathful battle to the ground.
Blood marks the realm ; on many a crimson plain
Are heap'd around the myriads of the slain.
Shook from its base each antique castle falls,
And tow'ring cities bow their conquer'd walls ;
While rapine, rage, and hate, a wasteful band,
Reign uncontroul'd, and desolate the land.

Such are the woes we paint ; nor vainly deem
Of sage instruction void th' historic theme !

Here

P R O L O G U E.

Here all may view, by sad experience wise,
Th' unnumber'd ills, from doubtful rule that rise ;
And learn the happier fate that nations own,
Where, with just bounds, one Monarch fills the throne ;
Where, friend of right, and guardian of the Law,
The land's dread Sov'reign holds the realm in awe :
Quells, ere it rages, Faction's madd'ning flame,
Controuls the proud, and checks Ambition's aim ;
Protects the weak, alike o'er all presides,
Restrains with vigor, and with wisdom guides ;
The State still fixes to its wonted place,
Each looser part concentring to its base ;
With weight superior binds and settles all,
And keeps the mighty fabric from its fall.

Ah ! little deem'd, O France, thy fickle train,
When lur'd to quit fair Duty's milder reign,
Proud they gave up their once lov'd Monarch's sway,
And saw him sink to traitors' arms a prey ;
Saw on the murd'rous steel the life-blood start,
Which warm, came issuing from his patriot heart :
Ah ! little deem'd they, in that hour of fate,
What woes then brooded o'er the sinking State.
Lo ! bold usurpers o'er the prostrate throne
Lift high their arm, and make the nation groan ;
Through all the realm disperse their savage brood,
And deluge cities with the people's blood ;
Seize on the wealth of thousands doom'd to die,
By lawless rule, and basest tyranny,
Only to bind more fast th' oppressive chain,
To prop their pow'r and fortify their reign.
While, as by force compell'd their slaughter'ring bands
Spread desolation wide o'er foreign lands ;
At home suspicion guards each prison'd door,
And want and famine wring the needy poor.
E'en now, should Heav'n relief in pity send,
And bid a wasted nation's sorrows end ;

P R O L O G U E.

On virtuous aims with light auspicious shine,
And to his throne restore a Monarch's line :
Ere days of peace shall glad their longing eyes,
Ere pow'r once more on just foundations rise,
How many a gallant youth, in battle slain,
Shall dew with faithful blood his native plain !

Hence taught, may Britons, fam'd for valiant deeds,
Shun the dire ills, that bloody discord breeds ;
And firm united pour th' avenging blow
With juster fury on the foreign foe !
And while they view with pleas'd contentment's smile
The tranquil scenes, that crown our favor'd isle,
Fair Order's sway with gen'rous zeal maintain,
Own their blest lot, and hail a BRUNSWICK's reign !

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| King Henry VI, | Mr. DANIELL. |
| Edward Prince of Wales, | Mr. JAMES. |
| Edward Duke of York, | Mr. JENNER. |
| George Duke of Clarence, | Mr. GLEED. |
| Richard Duke of Gloucester, | Mr. DEANE. |
| Duke of Somerfet, | Mr. THOROLD. |
| Earl of Warwick, | Mr. HENDY. |
| Earl of Oxford, | Mr. CRAIG. |
| Lord Clifford, | Mr. SHELDON. |
| Lord Hastings, | Mr. T. JOLLIFFE. |
| Humphrey, | Mr. MONTAGU. |
| Sinklo, | Mr. JOLLIFFE. |
| Son, | Mr. STRAKER, |
| Messengers, } | Messrs. DAVIS, JEMMETT, |
| | CATOR, &c. |
| Queen Margaret, | Mr. WILLES. |
| Attendants, Soldiers, &c. | |

THE ROSES;
OUR,
KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

A C T I.

SCENE I. Gloucestershire.

Enter EDWARD.

THE smiling morn unfolds the frowns of night,
Streaking yon eastern hills with peering beams.
Thus to the gloom succeeds the cheerful day:
Sweet interchange of nature.—But to me
No ease returns, no pause of anxious fears.
Perhaps e'en now my honor'd father lies
In the cold arms of death. His mighty spirit
Could brook no dull delay. While I in Wales
Levied new forces to dislodge the foe,
Advancing fearless from his castle's strength,
He dar'd th' unequal fight.—

But see, my brother.

Enter RICHARD.

After this dang'rous fight, and hapless war,
How does my noble brother Richard fare?

Richard. Still must a faint cold fear thrill thro' my veins,
Until I know my valiant father's fate.
I saw him in the battle range about,
And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth.

B

Methought

Methought he bore him in the thickest troop,
 As does a Lion in a flock of sheep.
 Believe me, brother, I forgive e'en nature,
 Tho' she has wreak'd her malice on my form,
 Since she has made me son of such a father.—
 But see! the morn wide opes her golden gates,
 And the sun rises with a double splendor.

Edward. My eyes are dazzled, or I see three suns!

Richard. Three glorious suns, and each a perfect sun!
 Not separated by the racking clouds,
 But sever'd in a pale, clear-shining sky.

See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
 As if they vow'd a league inviolable.
 Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun!
 Sure the day's pregnant with some great event!

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange—the like I never heard.
 I think it cites us, brother, to the field;
 That we, the sons of great Plantagenet,
 Each one already blazing by our deeds,
 Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
 And overshine the earth, as this the world!—
 But who art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
 Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hastings! the sorrow on thy face proclaims
 The sad event, my fears presag'd.

Hastings.

Alas!

Would I could tell you that your fears are false!
 The noble York, your father, is no more.

Edward. O speak no more, for I have heard too much.

Richard. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Hastings. He was environ'd with superior forces,
 And stood against them, as the hope of Troy,
 The valiant Hector, 'gainst invading Greeks.
 But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
 And many strokes, tho' with a little axe,
 Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.

By

A TRAGEDY.

3

By many hands your Father was subdu'd,
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the Queen;
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despite;
Laugh'd in his face, and when with grief he wept,
The ruthless Queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin dripping with the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, whom fierce Clifford slew;
And after many scorns, they took his head,
And fixt it bleeding on the gates of York.
Ah! fight too mournful, for these eyes to bear!

Edward. Sweet York! our only hope, our only joy!
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!
O Clifford, barb'rous Clifford, thou hast slain
The flow'r of Europe for fair chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him:
In equal fight thou hadst not dar'd to face him!—
Now my foul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from bondage, that my body
Might in the ground be clos'd in endless rest.
For never henceforth shall I taste of comfort,
Never, O never, shall I know more joy.

Richard. I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart.
To weep, is but to ease the weight of grief.
Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me!
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die with glory in the great attempt.

Edw. His name the valiant Duke has left with thee:
His chair and dukedom,—that remains for me.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's young,
Shew thy descent by gazing at the sun!
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Or that is thine, or else thou wert not his.—
Therefore to arms! and brother, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that Poets feign of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest
 Until the white rose, that I wear, be dy'd
 Deep in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

Enter WARWICK.

Warwick. How now, my Lords? what fare, what
 news abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
 Our baleful news, and at each word we utter,
 Stab poniards in our breasts, till all were told,
 The words would give more anguish than the wounds.
 O valiant Lord! the Duke of York is slain.

War. Ten days ago, I drown'd these news in tears.
 And now, to add more measure to your woes,
 I come to tell you what has since befall'n—
 After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
 Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
 I rais'd new soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
 And fir'd with hopes of gallant victory,
 March'd tow'nds St. Albans, t' intercept the Queen,
 Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought.
 But whether 'twas her more than manly spirit,
 That robb'd my soldiers of their heated courage;
 Or whether 'twas the fear of Clifford's vigor,
 Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
 Their weapons like the winged light'ning came.
 Our soldiers'—like the night owl's lazy flight,
 Or like an idle thresher with a flail,—
 Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
 I cheer'd them with the justice of our cause,
 With promise of high pay and great rewards,
 But all in vain; the dastards fled the field—
 And robb'd me of the triumph of revenge.

Rich. 'Twas strange indeed when valiant Warwick fled.
 Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
 But ne'er till now the scandal of his flight.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, shalt thou hear.
 For thou shalt know, this hand unconquer'd still

Can

Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his grasp,
Were he as dauntless in the fields of war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, and for peace.

Rich. I know it well, brave Warwick; blame me not.
The love I bear thy glories, prompts my tongue.
But in this troublous time what course to take?
Say, shall we throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in soft mourning gowns;
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Display our sorrows with revengeful arms?

War. Mourn not in black; no! let us mourn in blood.
And therefore Warwick came to seek you out.
Attend me, Lords! the proud insulting Queen
With Clifford and the high Northumberland,
Are at the head of thirty thousand men.
Now if your pow'rs and mine, and those of Clarence,
Make up but half the number of this host,
To meet their forces will we march along,
And once again cry—Charge upon the foe.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, great Warwick speaks again.
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries, retreat—when Warwick bids him stand!

Edw. Ah! Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean,
And when thou fail'st—as God forbid the hour!
Must Edward fall!

Warwick. Now Edward, Duke of York:
The next degree is England's royal throne.
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In ev'ry country as we pass along;
And he that casts not up his cap with joy,
Shall for th' offence make forfeit of his head.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edward. Now will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
And on my standard bear the arms of York,

To

To grapple with the house of Lancaster,
And rend the crown of England from his brow,
Whose feeble sway has tarnish'd all its lustre.
Then strike up drums; God and St. George for us!

Enter a MESSENGER.

Warwick. How now, what news?

Messenger. Prepare you, noble Lords!
The Duke of Clarence sends you word by me,
The Queen is coming with a powerful host;
He craves your company for speedy counsel.

Warwick. Then all is well:—brave warriors, let's
away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. York.

*Enter KING HENRY, THE QUEEN, PRINCE OF
WALES, CLIFFORD, and SOMERSET.*

Queen. Welcome, my Lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder 's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown.
Does not that object cheer your heart, my Lord?

King Henry. Ay, as the rocks cheer those, that fear
a wreck.

This fight, believe me, pains my very soul.
Withhold revenge, O God, 'twas not my fault:
Unwillingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clifford. My gracious Liege, this timeless lenity,
And dang'rous pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do Lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast, that would usurp their den.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he, who sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, if trodden on,
And doves themselves will peck, to guard their brood.
Ambition prompted York to claim thy crown,
And raise his offspring to the throne of England.

Whilst

A TRAGEDY.

78

Whilst thou, a King, and blest with such a son,
 Couldst tamely yield his fair inheritance!
 Be not more senseless than the feather'd race,
 Who, in protection of their tender ones,
 Make fearless war with him, that climbs their nest,
 Off'ring their own lives in their young's defence.
 O it were pity, that this goodly boy
 Should lose his birthright by his father's fault.
 Sweet innocence! ah look on this dear youth,
 And let his manly face, which promises
 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,
 To hold the crown, and hold it—for his sake!

K. Henry. Full well has Clifford play'd the orator,
 Inferring arguments of mighty force.

But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
 That the most splendid crown was lin'd with thorns?
 I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind,
 Ah, would my father had left me no more!
 For all the rest is held at such a price,
 As brings a thousand fold more care to keep,
 Than in possession any share of pleasure.—

Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends could know
 How my heart grieves to see thy bleeding head!

Queen. My Lord, cheer up your sp'rits; our foes
 are nigh,

And this soft courage makes your followers faint.—
 You promis'd knighthood to our gracious son:
 Unsheathe your sword, and prosper Heav'n the deed!

K. Henry. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
 And learn this lesson: draw thy sword in right!

Prince. I'll draw it, honor'd father, by your leave,
 As heir apparent to the crown of England:
 And in that cause I'll shed my life's warm blood.

Clifford. O mayst thou live, to lay the parching dust,
 With show'rs of blood from slaughter'd enemies!
 O may'st thou emulate thy grandfire's valor,
 Harry of Monmouth, and like him arise
 The pride of England, and the scourge of France!

Enter

Enter a MESSENGER.

Messenger. Royal commanders, be in readiness!
For with a band of twenty thousand men
Comes Warwick, backing the young Duke of York.
And in the country, as they march along,
Proclaims him King, and many fly to him.
Prepare your battle, for they are at hand.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And knit their sinews in your just defence.
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as York.
Unsheath your sword, good father, cry *St. George!*

[Exeunt.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A TRAGEDY.

A C T II.

SCENE I. *A field of battle near Towton in Yorkshire.*

Alarm—Excursions—Fight.

Enter WARWICK.

SORE spent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe.
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid
Have robb'd my strong knit sinews of their strength.
And, come what will, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD running.

Edward. Smile, gentle heav'n, or strike, unfriendly
death!
O let us die, or nobly gain the day.
What fatal star malignant frowns from heav'n
Upon the house of York!

Enter CLARENCE.

Clarence. Rouze, rouze, my brother.
Straight let us hasten to the field again,
For I have hope we still shall win the day.
Then let us back to cheer our fainting troops,
They'll soon retreat, if we desert the field.

Edw. Thus sorely check'd, our hope is flat despair.
Our ranks are broken, ruin follows us.

War. Who talks of ruin! what the royal Edward!
Unmanly weakness, hence! for at the name
Of ruin to our cause, a thousand swords

Shall

Shall from their scabbards leap, at Warwick's call.
Now Richard, how's the day?

Richard, (entering.) Ah, luckless day!

Fitz-Walter, leading his victorious host
To join our forces, and ensure success,
By Clifford's army was surpriz'd and fell.
And, in the very pangs of death, he cried:
Warwick, revenge my death!—beneath their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his blood, he died.

War. Then let the earth be satiated with blood!

*[he draws his sword, and rushes out—returning
he says,*

I've killed my horse, because I would not fly.—
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, while the foe pursues?
And tamely look, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here, on my knee, I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, I'll ne'er stand still,
'Till death has clos'd these eyes in endless rest,
Or fortune giv'n me measure of revenge!

Edw. Yes, Warwick, I will bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow, will chain my soul to thee!
Here, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, my eyes, my heart to Thee!
Thou setter-up, and plucker down of kings!
If in thy counsels of unerring wisdom,
Thou hast decreed that Edward must be conquer'd,
O let the everlasting gates of Heav'n
Give a sweet passage to my sinful soul!
Now, Lords, take leave until we meet again!
Where e'er it be, in Heaven, or on earth!

Richard. Brother, give me thy hand: and noble

Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms!
I, who have never wept, now melt with woe,
'That winter's blast should wither thus our spring.

Clarence.

A TRAGEDY.

11

Clarence. Hence let's proclaim it, Edward, thro'
the host,

That those, who are the prey of pale-fac'd fear,
And dare not brave the hazard of the fight,
May all depart in safety; but to those,
Whose hearts are true, we'll promise such rewards,
As victors wore at the Olympic games.
This may plant courage in their fainting breasts.
Away, my friends! with such united hearts,
Now may we hope for life and victory.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the field.*

Excursions.—*Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD, from opposite sides.*

Richard. Fortune! thou giv'st me all that I could ask.
Long, Clifford, have I singled thee alone.
Now, unrelenting fiend, this arm is rais'd
With tenfold vengeance, for my father York;
And this for my sweet Rutland! bloody wretch!
Couldst thou then murder that poor harmless child,
That trembled under thy devouring grasp?
His shade now hovers o'er thy curled head,
As a dread fury to torment thy soul!
Now shall this sword revenge th' inhuman deed,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall!

Clifford. Were all thy brothers here, their lives and
thine,
Were not revenge sufficient for my heart.
This is the hand, that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand, that slew thy brother Rutland.
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their deaths,
And nerves my arm to lay thee in the dust.

[*Exeunt fighting.*]

SCENE III. *A Camp.**Enter* KING HENRY.

They chid me from the battle; for my Queen,
 And Clifford prosper best, when I am thence.
 Here, in the camp, I wait the chance of war.—
 O God of battles! look in mercy down!
 Ah! let not English blood manure the ground,
 And ages yet unborn lament these broils!
 Ah! let not peace go sleep with infidels,
 And in this happy land tumultuous wars
 Make one dire scene of havock and distress!
 O, if my death could heal these bleeding wounds,
 How gladly would I lay this burden down!
 Would I were dead, if Heaven's high will were so;
 For what is in this world, but grief and care!
 O God! methinks it were a happy life,
 To be no greater than a homely swain.
 Then days and years of solitude and peace,
 Past over to the end, they were created,
 Would bring my grey hairs to a quiet grave.
 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade,
 To shepherds looking on their playful sheep,
 Than can a rich embroider'd canopy
 To monarchs, haunted with the sprites of fear?
 Ah me! the shepherd's curds and cold thin drink,
 His wonted sleep beneath the beechen shade,
 Are far beyond a Prince's delicacies;
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body lying on a downy bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason, break his rest.

*[Alarm at a distance.]**Enter* a Son, *bearing his dead father.*

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits nobody.—
 This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
 May be possess'd of a large store of crowns:—

And

And I, that haply take them from him now,
 May yet, ere night, yield both my life and them.
 Ah, sad succession by the chance of war!—
 Who's this?—O God, it is my father's face,
 Whom in this civil conflict I have kill'd.
 O barb'rous times, producing such events!
 O my dear father! thou hast giv'n me life,
 And, by my hands, I rob thee of thy breath!
 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did:
 And pardon, father, for I knew thee not!
 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks:
 I can no more—'till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Henry. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
 While Lions war, and battle for their dens,
 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
 Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
 My heart, like thine, is overcharg'd with grief.

Son. How will my mother, for my father's death,
 Vent all her sorrow on my guilty head!—
 Now all the world is a blank wilderness,
 Where nothing grows but thorns of misery,
 To sting my hapless breast.

K. Henry. Alas! my country
 Can ne'er forgive the authors of these woes!

Son. Did ever son so weep a father's death!

K. Henry. You but lament a father slain in battle,
 I mourn the death of thousands of my subjects.

Son. These arms, alas! shall be thy winding sheet.
 My heart will break, and be thy sepulchre.
 From my sad soul thy image ne'er shall part,
 My sighing breast shall be thy fun'ral knell.—
 I'll bear thee hence, and fill thy grave with tears.

[Exit with the body.]

K. Henry. Light of the sun, why shin'st thou still on me!
 I am the cause of these enormities!
 O let me hide my sorrows and my shame!

Alarm.

Alarm.—*Enter* THE QUEEN, PRINCE OF WALES,
and SOMERSET.

Prince. Fly, father, fly, for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.
Clifford, I fear, the valiant Clifford's fall'n.
Away, dear father; death pursues our steps!

K. Henry. Yes, I can fly from Warwick, and from
death;

But who can lend me wings to fly from grief?

Queen. This is no time for feeble lamentation!

Hence, hence, my Lord, towards Berwick speed away.—
Edward and Richard, flush'd with victory,
With fiery eyes, that sparkle for revenge,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their wrathful hands,
Are at our backs. Hence! only flight can save us.

Somerſet. Away—for vengeance marches in their
train—

Nayst ay not to expostulate—O fly!

K. Henry. Would I could fly to everlasting rest!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CLIFFORD wounded.

Clifford. Here burns my candle out, ev'n here it dies.
While still it blaz'd, it gave King Henry light.
Ah, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love and fear had gain'd thee many friends;
But now my fall gives strength to haughty York.
The common people swarm like summer flies;
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now, but Henry's enemy?
O Phœbus, hadst thou never giv'n consent,
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car had never scorch'd the earth.
And Henry, hadst thou govern'd like a king,
Giving no footing to the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies.

I, and ten thousand in this hapless realm,
 Had left no widows mourning for our deaths,
 And thou this day hadst kept thy crown in peace.
 But ah, complaints are fruitless—here I fall, —
 My wounds are past all cure —No way to fly.—
 I have not strength to rush among the foe,
 And make these limbs a rampart for my friends.—
 The loss of blood—alas—has made me faint—

[falls.

Come, York,—come Richard,—Warwick,—
 and the rest—

I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms,—pierce my heart.

[Dies.

Flourish—Enter EDWARD, CLARENCE, RICHARD,
 —WARWICK, and Attendants.

Edward. Thus far our fortune keeps a glorious
 course;

And crowns our heads with wreaths of victory.
 Here pause we, Lords! ev'n in the enemy's camp.
 Yet let some troops pursue the haughty Queen,
 That led calm Henry, tho' he were a king,
 As a proud sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
 Commands an argosy to stem the waves.
 But who lies here, mark'd with a bloody rose?
 We war not with the dead—the battle o'er,
 Tho' once our foe, let him be gently us'd.

Richard. Revoke that doom of mercy,—for 'tis
 Clifford,

Who, not contented to have lopp'd the branch,
 In hewing Rutland, when his leaves were budding,
 Set to the very root his murd'ring knife,
 And slew our father:— by this hand he fell;
 Measure for measure have I answer'd still.

Edward. Is this that screech-owl fatal to our house,
 Whose notes brought death, and deep calamity.

Richard. His measure's full—for now the flow-
 ing blood

Stifles

Stifles the villain, whole unstanched thirst
York and sweet Rutland could not satisfy.

Warwick. Remove him hence—off with the traitor's head,

And place it, where your honor'd father's stands.—

And now to London, with triumphant march,

To place the crown of England on your head!

From thence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,

To ask the King's fair sister for your Queen.

So shall you sinew both these lands together;

And having France your friend, you shall not dread

The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again.

Say, shall this marriage please our royal lord?

Edward. E'en as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be.

For on thy shoulder do I build my seat:—

Warwick and happiness shall still be mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

A TRAGEDY.

17

A C T III.

SCENE I. *A chase in the North of England.*

Enter SINKLO and HUMPHREY, with bows and arrows.

Sinklo.

UNDER this thick-grown brake we'll shroud
ourselves,

For thro' this lawn anon the deer will come:

And in this covert will we make our stand,

To cull the best and fattest of the deer.

Humphrey. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

Sinklo. That must not be: the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shot is lost.

Here stand we both, and aim we at the best,—

And, that the time may not appear too tedious,

I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,

In the same place, where now we mean to stand.

Humphrey. Here comes a man——let's stay till he
be past.

Enter KING HENRY.

K. Henry. From Scotland have I stol'n, e'en of pure
love,

And thus disguis'd, to visit my own land.—

No, Harry, Harry:—'tis no land of thine.

Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,

The balm wash'd off, with which thou wast anointed.

No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,

D

No

No humble suitors press to ask relief —
 O Heav'n, that one might read the book of fate,
 And see the revolutions of the times
 Make mountains level, and the continent,
 Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
 Into the sea ; at other times, to view
 The beachy girdle of the ocean
 Too wide for Neptune's waist :—how chances mock,
 And changes fill the cup of alteration
 With different liquors ! O if this were seen,
 The happiest youth, that saw his progress thro',
 What dangers and what crosses to ensue ;—
 Would shut the book, and sit him down, and die.

Sinklo. Ay, here's a deer, whose skin's a keeper's fee.
 This is the former king ; let's seize upon him.

K. Henry. I will embrace these four adversities :
 Resign'd with patience to the will of Heav'n.

Humphrey. Why linger we ? let us lay hands upon
 him.

Sinklo. Forbear awhile : we'll hear a little more.

K. Henry. My Queen to France is sped to sue for
 aid.

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
 Is thither gone, to crave the French King's sister
 To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
 Poor Margaret, your labor is but lost.
 For Warwick is a subtle orator,
 And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.—

Ah ! is he so ! then Margaret may win him.
 Her sighs will storm the battery of his breast ;
 Her tears will pierce into a marble heart.

The tyger will be gentle, while she mourns.

A Nero will be tainted with remorse,
 To hear her moans, and see her trickling tears.—

Ay, but she comes to beg, and Warwick offers !

She weeps and says, her Henry is depos'd ;

He smiles and says, his Edward is enthron'd.

Thus Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,

And

A TRAGEDY.

19

And in conclusion wins the King from her,
To strengthen and support his Edward's cause.

Humphrey. Say, what art thou, that talk'st of Kings
and Queens?

K. Henry. More than I seem, and less than I was
born to!

A man at least, and more I cannot be.
Men sure may talk of Kings, and why not I?

Humphrey. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Henry. Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.

Humphrey. But if thou be a King, where is thy
crown?

K. Henry. My crown is in my heart, not on my head.
Not deck'd with diamonds, or with Indian stones,
Nor to be seen. My crown is call'd content:
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

Humphrey. Well, fir, if you be thus crown'd with
content,

Here is the trial: you must be contented
To go along with us; for we suspect
You are the King, whom Edward has depos'd.
And we, his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Henry. But did you never swear, and break an
oath?

Humphrey. No, never such an oath; nor will we now.

K. Henry. Where did you dwell, when I was King
of England?

Humphrey. In the same country, where now Edward
reigns.

K. Henry. You sure forget, I was anointed king;
And that you swore allegiance to my person!
Then tell me, have you not forsworn yourselves?

Sicklo. No, we were subjects but while you were
King.

K. Henry. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe and
walk?

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

Which by the air, is blown to me again,
 Commanded always by the greater gust;
 Such is the lightness of inconstant man.—
 But break your oaths no longer: of that sin
 My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
 Go where you will, the King shall be commanded.
 And be you kings: command, I will obey.

Sinklo. We charge you in God's name, and in the
 King's,

To go with us to Edward's officers.

K. Henry. In God's name lead: your King shall be
 obey'd;

And what God will, if your King will perform,
 To that high will I bow with resignation.

SCENE II. *London.*

Enter CLARENCE and RICHARD, from opposite sides.

Richard. Clarence, what means that discontented
 look?

Why sits distrust on thy dejected brow?

Say, does not fortune strew our paths with flow'rs?

Do not these walls resound with shouts of triumph?

And does not Edward reign?

Clarence.

Trust me, these triumphs
 Will soon be chang'd to war, defeat and ruin.—

Thou know'st that Warwick at the court of France,
 Wooes the king's sister for our brother's queen.

Richard. Say on.

Clarence. That morn, which rose array'd in smiles,
 Now frowning leads a fearful day of storms.—
 From woman, sweetner of the ills of life,
 From woman, source of ev'ry bliss on earth,
 From woman, lovely woman, springs our woe.

Richard. Marry, I guess the sequel. Edward's heart,
 Soft as the fair complexion of a woman,
 Melts at the slightest glance from beauty's eye.
 I am prepar'd to hear.

Clarence.

A TRAGEDY.

21

Clarence.

The Lady Grey,

Whose Lord for Henry at St. Albans fell,
And lost his rich domains, at Edward's feet,
A lovely suppliant, for her orphan babes
Implor'd the restoration of her lands,
As sun beams passing thro' the drops of rain
With warmer lustre dart their fiery force,
So thro' her tears her beauty's powerful ray
Shot keener flames into the heart of Edward.
He look'd, he listen'd, gaz'd his soul away,
And made a tender of dishonest love,
Claiming her beauties for her husband's lands.
With all the majesty of honor, she
Spurn'd the seducer, and forgot her suit.
But oh! the pow'r of heav'nly purity!
Beauty but charm'd, her chastity subdu'd him.
Scorning the policies of royal rank,
The embassy of Warwick, and the claims
Of a French princess to his proffer'd hand,
He woo'd the Lady Grey with virtuous suit,
And laid his crown and fortunes at her feet.

Richard. Thus Edward has two wives! but while
with one

He revels in the sweets of love, the other
Will send forth Warwick to avenge her wrongs,
Thus Marg'ret comes with new supplies from France,
To shake the throne of Edward.—

Enter MESSENGER.

What's the news?

Messenger. My gracious lords, your enemy is taken,
Henry is brought a pris'ner to the Tow'r.

Richard. Thus far 'tis well.—Would Marg'ret too
were there!

Messenger. My Lord of Clarence, 'tis his Highness'
pleasure,
That you conduct his Queen to Reading Abbey,
Where the Court's now assembled.

Clarence

Clarence. I obey. [*Ex. Mess.*]
Edward will there proclaim her as his Queen.
He means, at least, to use her honorably.

[*Exit.*]

Richard. Ay, Edward will use women honorably.—
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all;
That from his stock no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for.—
And yet, between my soul's desire and me,
Besides the honorable Edward's race,
Are Clarence, Henry, and his son, young Edward!
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself.
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why then I do but dream on sovereignty,
Like one, that stands upon a promontory,
And spies afar a shore where he would tread;
Wishing his foot were equal to his eye,
And chides the sea, that sunders him from thence.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard.—
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb;
And, to exclude me from his partial rites,
He did corrupt frail nature with a bribe,
To shrink my arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where fits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part.
And am I then a man to be belov'd!
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a hope!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself;
I'll make my heav'n to dream upon the crown—

And

And when I wake, t' account this world but hell,
 'Till this mishapen trunk's aspiring head
 Be circled with a glorious diadem.—
 Thus I torment myself to win the crown;
 But from that torment I will free myself;
 Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
 Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
 And cry content, to that which grieves my heart;
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 And frame my face to all occasions.
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor;
 Deceive more sily than Ulysses could,
 And like a Sinon take another Troy.
 I can add colors to the cameleon;
 Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
 And send the murd'rous Cataline to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
 Tut, were it further off, I'd pluck it down.

[Exit]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

S C E N E I. A Palace.

*Enter EDWARD, CLARENCE, and
HASTINGS.*

Edward.

GIVE me, O God, a heart of gratitude,
For thou hast giv'n, in this angelic Queen,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul!

Enter RICHARD.

Brother of Glocester, how like you our choice?
That you seem pensive, as if discontented.

Richard. As well as Lewis, or the Earl of Warwick;
Who are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

Edward. Suppose they take offence without a
cause——

They are but Lewis and Warwick—I am Edward,
Your King and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Richard. And you shall have your will, because our
King.

Yet hasty marriages prove seldom well.

Edward. Richard, are you offended too?

Richard.

Not I.

No,—God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd,
Whom God has join'd together—and 'twere pity
To sunder those, that yoke so well together.

Edward. Setting your scorns, and your dislike aside,
Tell

Tell me some reason, why the Lady Grey
Should not be worthy to be Queen of England.

Richard. Then this is my opinion—noble Warwick,
Mock'd and dishonor'd in his embassy,
Will turn his arms against you; and King Lewis,
Whose sister is disgrac'd in this new marriage,
Will join with Margaret and invade our country.

Edward. Away with these suspicions—fear them not.
England, the nurse of ev'ry bold emprise,
Secur'd by valor, laughs at foreign force.
Inthron'd in the affections of my subjects,
I scorn invasion—and defy the world!

Richard. Yet, to have join'd with France in this
alliance,
Had been a stronger bulwark to our house
'Gainst foreign dangers than this home-bred marriage.

Hastings. And knows not Gloster then, that of herself
England is safe, if in herself united.

Richard. She would be safer, were she back'd with
France.

Hastings. 'Tis better using France, than trusting France!
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he has giv'n for fence impregnable;
And with our ships alone defend our coasts:
In them and in ourselves, our safety lies.—

Enter a MESSENGER.

Edward. Now say, what letters, or what news from
France?

Messenger. My sov'reign liege, no letters; and few
words;

But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

Edward. Go to—tell me their words.—
What answer makes King Lewis to our letters?

Messenger. At my departure, such his answer was:
"Go tell false Edward, thy pretended King,
"That

"That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
 "To revel it with him, and his new bride!"

Edward. Is he so brave? perhaps he thinks me Henry.
 But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

Messenger. "Tell him, in hopes he'll prove a widow'r
 "shortly,

"I'll wear the willow garland for his sake."

Edward. I blame not her: she could say little less;
 For she was wrong'd. But what said Henry's Queen?

Messenger. "Tell him," said she, "my mourning
 "weeds are o'er,

"And I shall soon resume my royal robes."

Edward. But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Messenger. He, more incens'd against your Majesty
 Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:

"Tell him from me, that he has wrong'd his friend,
 "And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere 'tis long."

Edward. Ha! durst the traitor breathe such haughty
 words!

He shall have war, and pay for his presumption.

Is Warwick reconcil'd with Margaret?

Messenger. Ay, gracious Sov'reign, they're so link'd
 in friendship,

That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Edward. Ah! then, I see the storm is gathering fast;
 Yet I am arm'd against the worst event.

My Lord of Hastings, quickly raise our forces;

And pitch my tent; for in the field this night

I mean to rest, and early in the morning

I'll march to meet proud Warwick, ere he land

Those straggling troops, that he has rais'd in France.

[Exit HASTINGS.]

Now Clarence, Richard, will you leave me too?

Or bury discontent in loyalty,

And be the firmest pillars of the state?

Richard. Well you deserve to suffer. If this blow
 Were only aim'd at you, I'd not repel it.

But when I see France arm'd against my country,

My

A TRAGEDY.

27

My patriot heart beats high in honor's cause.
 Sooner shall Henry share the crown with York,
 And the white rose be with the red entwin'd,
 Than France shall plant her lilies in our fields.
 So God help Richard, as he faithful proves.

Clarence. This throne of patriot kings, this scepter'd isle
 This scene of Majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, earthly paradise,
 This fortress, built by nature for herself,
 Against the blast of elemental wars;
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 This blessed spot, this teeming womb of heroes
 Fear'd for their deeds, and famous for their valor,
 For Christian virtues, and fair chivalry;
 England shall never stoop to foreign pow'r,
 'Till by dissention she enslave herself.—
 Edward, command my service, and my life.

Edward. O my dear brothers, strengthen'd by your
 love,
 I fear not Warwick, and his rash invasion.
 Prepare our forces: to my tent I'll hie.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Warwickshire.*

Enter WARWICK, OXFORD, and SOLDIERS.

Oxford. Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well.
 The people flock by thousands to our standard.

Warwick. We must strike quickly the decisive blow.
 Soon as night spreads her mantle o'er the skies,
 We shall attempt to seize on Edward's person.
 Our spies already have explor'd the ground,
 And found that he lies carelessly encamp'd,
 His soldiers lurking in the neighb'ring towns:
 While he, attended by a simple guard,
 May be surpris'd, and taken at our pleasure.
 As once Ulysses, and brave Diomed
 With silent valor stole to Rhesus tents,
 And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;

So we, embosom'd in the night's black veil,
 May unperceiv'd beat down th' unwary guard,
 And seize the faithless Edward:—but my friends,
 While steadfast we pursue our just revenge,
 To tear the crown from his unworthy brow,
 Preserve his life. O let the rays of justice
 Be temper'd by the gentle dew of mercy.
 Humanity is valor's darest badge.
 But come—the night her sable curtain draws.
 With silent speed we'll steal to Edward's camp.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Edward's Camp.*

Enter TWO SENTINELS.

First Sentinel. The night is clos'd: come, let us take
 our stand.

The King ere this has set him down to sleep.

Second Sentinel. What! will he not to bed?

First Sentinel. He's made a vow

Ne'er to lie down, to take his nat'ral rest,
 'Till Warwick or himself shall sleep in death.

Second Sentinel. To-morrow then, belike, shall be the
 day,

If Warwick be so near as 'tis reported.—

But tell me, wherefore should the King command,
 That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
 While he himself remains in the cold field?

First Sentinel. There is more honor, for there is more
 danger.

Second Sentinel. It may be so,—but give me quiet
 safety,

I like it better than a dang'rous honor.
 If Warwick knew how Edward is encamp'd,
 This post of honor would soon be a prison.

First Sentinel. But wherefore else guard we his royal
 tent,

But to defend him from his nightly foes?

Enter

A T R A G E D Y.

29

Enter WARWICK, OXFORD, and SOLDIERS.

Warwick. This is his tent, and see, where stand his guard.

Come, fellow-soldiers—honor now or never!

But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

First Sentinel. Who's there—who goes there?

Second Sentinel. Stay, or else thou diest!

[*All Warwick's party cry out "Warwick", and set upon the sentinels, who fly, crying: "arm, arm, Warwick!"—Warwick, &c. enter Edward's tent.*]

Drums.—Trumpets.—Enter WARWICK, OXFORD, &c. bringing EDWARD out.

Warwick. Let the rest go in safety.—Here's the Duke.

Edward. The Duke! ah Warwick, when we parted last,

Thou call'dst me King.—

Warwick.

The case is alter'd now,

When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,

I swore I would degrade you from your kingdom,

And come to new-create you Duke of York.—

Alas! how should you govern such a kingdom,

Who know not how to use ambassadors,

Or how to be contented with one wife,

Or how to study for your people's good!

Edward. Yet, Warwick, know, in spite of all mischance,

Of thee thyself, and thy aspiring friends,

Edward will always bear him like a King.

Tho' fortune's malice overthrow my state,

My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

Warwick. Then in his mind be Edward England's King!

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,

And have the substance—keep thou still the shadow.

My Lord of Oxford—see that the Duke Edward

Be quick convey'd into a place of safety;

Mean-

Meantime I'll free King Henry from his prison,
And see him seated on the regal throne.

[Exit WARWICK.

Edward. Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away.—
But I will soon shake off captivity,
Or sell my honors for a glorious grave.

[Exit, guarded by OXFORD and Soldiers.

SCENE IV. A Park.

Enter RICHARD and HASTINGS.

Richard. Wonder not, Hastings, why I draw you
hither

Into the secret thicket of the park.
Within yon castle Edward is confin'd;
But oft, attended by the slightest guard,
Comes hunting this way to divert himself.
I shall advise him by some secret means,
That I have gain'd the huntsmen to our cause,
Who unsuspected will convey him safe,
Where with swift coursers we shall take our stand,
And give him back to liberty and honor.

Enter Two HUNTSMEN.

Richard. My trusty friends, well met—have you
secur'd

A fit occasion for my brother's rescue?

First Huntsman. He is this night committed to our
care.

Soon as the sun shall seek the western sky,
We unperceiv'd shall steal along the wood,
And safe conduct him to the place appointed.
Already he's appriz'd of our intent,
And to your love commends his liberty.

Richard. To you he owes his freedom and his life.
Say, how can he reward such services?

Second

A TRAGEDY.

31

Second Huntsman. We give him freedom, but we risk
our life.

Should Lancaster prevail, our doom is seal'd.
Henceforth we'll share your fortunes.

Richard.

Fear us not.

Victors or vanquish'd we'll ne'er prove ungrateful.
Your word is past: we'll wait th' appointed hour.

[*Exeunt on different sides.*]

SCENE V. *London—A Palace.*

KING HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, WARWICK,
SOMERSET and LORDS.

K. Henry. O Warwick, under God, thy pow'rful
hands

Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrow into joy!
And now, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punished by my adverse stars,
Warwick, although my head still wears the crown,
Into thy hands I here commit the state,
For fortune waits submissive on thy will.

Warwick. Your Grace has still been fam'd for
virtuous deeds.

And wisdom now adds lustre to your virtues.
Yet cannot Edward wield the sword of state?

Prince Edward. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of
the sway,

To whom the heav'ns at thy nativity,
Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,
Equal in glory or in peace or war.

K. Henry. Warwick, and Edward, join in hand and
heart.

That no dissension blast our future hope,
I make you both Protectors of this land,
While I will lead a private live in peace,

And

And in devotion spend my latter days,
To love my country, and my God adore!

Enter a MESSENGER.

Warwick. What news, my friend?

Messenger. That Edward is escap'd.—

He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Gloster,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest's side,
And from his guard of huntsmen brought him safe.
The Yorkists from all quarters flock to him.

Prince Edward. We'll march our force, and crush
him ere he rise.

Warwick. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, in a blaze, whole rivers cannot quench.
Therefore, sweet Prince, away to meet the Queen,
Whose troops, ere this, are on their way from France.
I will to Barnet, to prepare my forces,
And face th' aspiring York.—Meanwhile, my liege,
Like his own isle surrounded by the ocean,
Will rest in London, with his loving friends.

K. Henry. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's best
hope!

My dearest Edward, from thy father learn
Calmness and patience in adversity:
From Warwick learn to conquer—fare you well.

[Exeunt WARWICK, P. EDWARD, &c.]

Manent KING HENRY and SOMERSET.

K. Henry. Cousin of Somerset, before you follow,
Think you the pow'r of Edward in the field
Will yet be able to encounter our's?

Somerset. The fear is that he will seduce the rest.

K. Henry. Alas! my deeds should rather claim their
love—

I never stopp'd my ears to their demands,
Or overlook'd their suits with slow delays.

My

A TRAGEDY.

33

My pity has been balm to heal their wounds ;
 My mildness has allay'd their swelling griefs ;
 My mercy dried the channels of their tears.
 I have not been desirous of their wealth,
 Or e'er oppress'd them with large subsidies.
 I oft have melted at th' offenders' tears,
 And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
 Then why should they love Edward more than me ?
 Does Edward strive to be as great as I ?
 Greater he shall not be—If he serve God,
 I'll serve him too—and be his fellow so.
 Revolt my subjects?—that I cannot mend.
 They break their faith to God, as well as me.
 Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay ;
 The worst is—death ;—and death will have his day !

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

F

A C T V.

SCENE I. *A field of battle near Barnet.**Alarm.—Fight.**Enter WARWICK.*

EDWARD Plantagenet!—'tis Warwick calls!
 Now—if thou dost not hide thee from my sword,
 Now—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm—
 And cries of dying warriors fill the air,
 Edward, I say, come forth, and fight with me!
 Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms!

*[Exit.**Alarm.—Enter EDWARD and WARWICK.*

Edward. Now, Warwick, shall our country's
 wounds be heal'd.

Thy death or mine will end these deadly feuds.—
 Why dost thou falter?

Warwick. Thou wast once my friend.
 Thou hast been in my pow'r—I spar'd thy life.
 It grieves my soul, that I must take it now,
 Or lose my own in loyalty's defence.
 I hold my duty, and I risk my life,
 To serve my God, my country, and my king.

Edward. So may the God of battles speed my sword,
 As it is drawn in justice and in right.

[They fight.—WARWICK falls.
Edward.

Edward. So, lie thou there—die thou, and die our fear—

O may'st thou meet that peace in heav'n, which earth
Ever denied thee!

[*Exit.*

Warwick.

Thus end all my toils!

Thus I must yield my body to the earth,
And by my fall the conquest to the foe!
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the rampant lion slept!
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black
veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world.
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood—,
Were oft compar'd to sepulchres of kings;
For who was king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo—all my glory smear'd in dust and blood!——
All now forsakes me—and of all my lands
Is nothing left me, but my body's length.
Ah, what is pomp and rule, but dust and earth?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

Oxford. Ah, Warwick, Warwick, raise thyself
and live—

We may recover all our loss again.
The Queen from France has brought a mighty force.
E'en now we heard the news—ah, could'st thou fly!

Warwick. Why then I would not fly!—Alas my
friends,—

The works of ages,— and the fate of nations;—
And all the glories of a bustling world,—
Are vanish'd from my sight—all earthly objects—

Lose

Lose their importance now—all, all is darkness.—
My friends—be happy—till—we meet—in heav'n.

[*dies.*

Somerſet. Warwick, are all thy glories come to this!
A braver ſoldier never couch'd his lance,
A nobler heart ne'er bore the ſway in council,—
But mightieſt potentates muſt come to this.
This is the end of human miſery!

Oxford. Come noble Somerſet,—this bloody ſcene
Imprints thy mind with fearful images.
Turn to a brighter proſpect.

Somerſet. To this mind
Fear is a ſtranger; but 'tis more than fancy,
That fills the nation with portentous ſigns.
The bay trees in the country are all wither'd :
And burning meteors fright the ſtars of heav'n.
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And ghastly prophets whisper fearful change.
Alas poor Henry! with a heavy mind,
I ſee thy glory, like a ſhooting ſtar,
Fall to the baſe earth from the firmament!
Thy ſun ſets weeping in the lowly weſt,
And fortune ſhuts the melancholy ſcene.

Oxford. Let not vain terrors blaſt our riſing hopes!
Come, let us lead our forces to the Queen,
And try once more our fortune in the field!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the field.*

*Enter EDWARD, CLARENCE, RICHARD,
HASTINGS, &c.*

Edward. Still on our arms ſmiles laurell'd victory—
The high aſpiring Warwick ſleeps in duſt.
But in the miſt of this clear-ſhining day,
I ſpy a black, ſuſpicious, threat'ning cloud,
That riſes to encounter with our ſun,
Ere he attain his weſtern ſeat of glory.
Thoſe forces, that the Queen has rais'd in France,

Are

Are marching, as we hear, to give us battle.

Clarence. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud;
Thy beams will dry those vapors ere they rise.
And ev'ry cloud engenders not a storm.

Richard. The Queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
And she is join'd by Somerset and Oxford.
If she have time to breathe, such is the force
Of her persuasion, she will raise a host.

Edward. Our friends have shap'd their course to
Tewksbury.
Thither success directs our conqu'ring troops.
Now on, my friends and brothers, once again.
God and St. George! fair England's right and Edward's
Prosper our arms in this decisive fight!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Country near Tewksbury.

March—Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE
EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD,
and SOLDIERS.

Margaret. Great Lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail
their woes,

But cheerly seek how to redress their wrongs.
What tho' the mast be now blown over board,
The cable broke, our holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood!
Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and like a fearful child
With tearful eyes add water to the sea;
And leave the ship to split upon a rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
Why is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
And why should not my Edward and myself
Be yet allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?

We

We will not from the helm, to sit and weep :
 But keep our course thro' stormy winds and waves.
 Alas! there's no more mercy with the brothers,
 Than with the ruthless waves, with sands and rocks!
 Take courage then, what cannot be avoided
 'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.
 We have been conquerors, we may conquer still.

Prince Edward. O if there were a fearful heart
 among us,
 Methinks a woman of this noble spirit,
 Would swell it soon with fortitude and valor.
 My fellow-soldiers—either dare to brave
 The utmost fury of the House of York;
 Or tear the red rose from your shrinking heads.
 I will not stand aloof, and bid you fight,
 But with my sword press in the thickest ranks,
 And single Edward from his strongest guard,
 And force him to resign his pow'r usurp'd,
 Or leave my body to attest my vow!

Oxford. Women and children of so high a courage!
 And warriors faint! O 'twere eternal shame.
 O brave young Edward! thy illustrious grandfire
 Is yet alive in thee! Long may'st thou live,
 To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Somerſet. And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
 Hie to his home, and like the owl by day,
 If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Margaret. Thanks, gentle Somerſet; sweet Oxford,
 thanks!

Prince Edward. And take his thanks, who's nothing
 else to give.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Messenger. Prepare you, Lords—for Edward is
 advancing:
 His arms already glitter in the sun.

Prince Edward. We are prepar'd to meet the proud
 usurper.—

What stronger breast plate, than a heart untainted?

Thrice

Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
 And he but naked, tho' lock'd up in steel,
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
 Each to his post—our cause shall lend us force—
 'Tis England's crown—an injur'd father's right!

[Exeunt.]

[Fight—Alarm—Excursions.]

SCENE IV. *A Camp.*

*Enter EDWARD, CLARENCE, RICHARD,
 HASTINGS, &c.*

Edward. Go, bid the carnage cease: the day is ours.
 At length the period of our woes is come!
 Henry once more is in the tow'r confin'd,
 And haughty Margaret is in my pow'r.
 Bring forth the pris'ners.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, SOMERSET, guarded.

Somerfet! from thee
 Justice demands the dread account of blood!
 Away with him, off with his guilty head!

Somerfet. More can I bear than you dare execute.
 For true nobility is free from fear!
 My Royal Mistress, 'tis for you I feel.—

Margaret. O my dear suffering friend—give me thy
 hand,

That I may dew it with my pitying tears!
 Let not the rain of heaven wet this place,
 To wash away my woeful monuments.—
 Stay yet a little—thus condemn'd to die,
 Two friends embrace, and take a thousand leaves;
 And linger still, more loth to part than die;
 Ah, now farewell—and farewell joy with thee!

[SOMERSET is led out.]

Edward. Is proclamation made, that who finds
 Edward
 Shall be rewarded?

Richard.

Richard. Lo, where comes the youth.—

Edward. What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the mis'ries of a civil war?

Pr. Edward. Speak like a subject, proud, ambitious
York.

Suppose me speaking with my father's mouth,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou would'st have me answer to?

Edward. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm thy tongue.

Pr. Edward. I know my duty—and I tell you all,
I'm your superior—traitors as you are—
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

Edward. Dost thou still rail, untutor'd boy, take that.
[throws his gauntlet at him.]

Richard. Nay then, take this.

Clarence.

And this.

Margaret.

O God—my child!

Edward. Ah, Richard, Clarence, you have done too
much.

Richard. Why should he live to stir up arms against us!

Edward. See Marg'ret swoons—use means for her
relief.

Richard. Clarence, excuse me to the King, my brother.
I'll hence to London on a serious matter.

Ere you come there, expect to hear more news.—
Our work is not complete—The tow'r, the tow'r!

Margaret. O my sweet child! speak to thy mother,
boy!

Canst thou not speak? ah no—his lips are cold.

O traitors—murders—bloody cannibals!

How sweet a plant you have untimely pluck'd!

Inhuman wretches—O you have defac'd

The

The sweetest and most perfect work of nature,
 That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd!
 You have no children—butchers, if you had,
 The thought of them would sure have stirr'd remorse!
 O God! in mercy take me to my Edward;
 Unite once more the mother and the son!
 Sure heav'n has not an angel like my child!
 O my sweet murder'd child!

Edward.

Be patient, Madam!

Margaret. What! does insulting York dare talk of
 patience?

Came he e'en now to sing a raven's note,
 Whose dismal tune bereft my vital pow'rs?
 And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
 By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
 Can chase away the former hideous sound!—
 Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.—
 Lay not thy hands on me——forbear, I say——
 Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.—
 Thou baleful conqueror!—out of my sight—
 Upon thy eye-balls murd'rous tyranny
 Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
 Look not upon me, for thy eyes are wounding—
 Yet do not go away—Come, basilisk!
 And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight!
 For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
 In life, but double death, now Edward's dead.

Edward. Away with her! go, bear her hence by force.

Margaret. Nay, do not bear me hence—dispatch me
 here!

Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death—
 And bless thee for it——O my child, my child!

Edward. Stay till the flood of grief has had its course,
 Then bear her hence; let her be gently treated.
 Meanwhile to London will we march with speed,
 To reap the fruit of dear-bought victories.

[Scene closes.]

SCENE V.—*A room in the Tower.*

KING HENRY and LIEUTENANT.

Lieutenant. Dwell not, my Lord, on this distracting theme;
And think of comfort.

K. Henry. No;—my son is murder'd,
My Queen a captive—No, talk not of comfort.
Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs.—
Make dust our paper; and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's chuse executors, and talk of wills!
And yet not so—for what can I bequeath,
Save my deposed body to the ground?
My lands, my crown, my life, and all are Edward's:
And nothing can I call my own but death,
And that small portion of the barren earth,
That soon shall lie a cover to my bones—
For Heaven's sake, let's sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings;
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossest'd;
All murder'd.—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Death keeps his court, and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp.
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable;—and humor'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores thro' his castle wall, and farewell King!

Lieutenant. My Lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
But guard against misfortune's future blast.—

Enter

Enter RICHARD.

Richard, to the Lieutenants. Friend—leave us to ourselves—we must confer.

[*Exit Lieutenant.*]

K. Henry. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf—
What scene of death has Roscius now to act?

Richard. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.
The thief does fear each bush an officer.

K. Henry. The poor bird, that has been already lim'd,
With trembling wings misdoubts of ev'ry bush.

And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, and caught, and kill'd.

Richard. Why, what a silly fool was that of Crete,
Who taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Henry. Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with
words!

My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears thy foul sarcastic taunt!
But wherefore dost thou come?—is't for my life?

Richard. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Henry. If murd'ring innocents be executing,
Thou art the worst of executioners?

Richard. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Henry. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst
presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.

But thou wast born to be a plague to men.

How many old men's sighs and widows' moans,

How many orphans' water-standing eyes,

Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,

And orphans for their parents' timeless death,

Will rue the hour that ever thou wast born.—

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign:

The night crow cried, foreboding luckless time.

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees.

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,

And

And chatt'ring pies in dismal discord sung.
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
 And yet brought forth—less than a mother's hope.
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
 To signify thou cam'st to bite the world.—

Richard. I'll hear no more—die prophet in thy
 speech.—

For this among the rest was I ordain'd.

Henry. Oh—and for much more slaughter after this—
 O God! forgive my sins—and pardon thee!

[Dies.]

Richard. What! will th' aspiring blood of Lancaster
 Sink in the ground! I thought it would have mounted,—
 See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death.
 O, may such purple tears be always shed
 From those, that with the downfall of our house.—
 If any spark of life be yet remaining,
 Down, down, to hell,—and say I sent thee thither—
 I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
 Indeed 'tis true, what Henry told me of;
 For I have often heard my mother say,
 That at my birth the wond'ring midwives cried:
 “ Good Heav'n, defend us, he is born with teeth!”—
 And so I was, which plainly signified
 That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.—
 Then since the heav'n's have shap'd my body so,
 Let hell make crook'd my mind, to answer it.
 I have no brother—and I am no brother,
 And this word—love, which grey-beards call divine,
 Be resident in men like one another;
 And not in me—I am—myself alone.
 Let pale-fac'd fear disturb ignoble breasts,
 And find no harbour in a royal heart!
 Faster than spring-time show'rs comes thought on
 thought,
 And not a thought, but dwells on royalty.
 My brain, more busy than the lab'ring spider,
 Weaves artful snares to trap my enemies.
 I will raise such a tempest in the court,

Shall

Shall blow my rivals' souls to heav'n, or hell.
 And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage,
 Until the golden sceptre in my hand
 Shall bid contending passions be at peace:
 Clarence, beware, thou keep'st me from the light—
 But I will buz abroad such prophecies,
 That Edward shall be fearful of his life,
 And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death!
 Thus each in turn shall clear the way for me—
 I'll throw this body in another room,
 And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom!
 [Exit.

S C E N E VI.—*The Palace.*

Flourish.—Enter KING EDWARD, CLARENCE,
 HASTINGS, and Attendants.

Edward. Once more we sit on England's royal throne,
 So dearly purchas'd by a civil war!
 What valiant foes, like the autumnal corn,
 Have we mow'd down i'th' height of all their pride!
 Thus have we watch'd in arms the winter's night,
 And brav'd on foot the summer's scalding heat,
 That of our labors we might reap the gain.—
 Then open, Heav'n, thy everlasting gates!
 Receive my solemn vows of thanks and praise!
 My friends, you've prov'd your valor in the field,
 And shown your love to me, and to your country.
 O cherish still affection to my person;
 And Edward, whether fortune smile or frown,
 Shall never be unmindful of your love.

Hastings. We are rewarded in the privilege
 Of crying: Long live Edward, King of England,
 To bless his people, and deserve their love!

Clarence. Allied to thee by nature and by choice,
 I cheerfully devote my future days
 To serve my country, and to love my King.

Edward.

Edward. Now Heav'n has show'r'd its blessings on
 my soul,
 Blest in my friends', blest in my brothers' loves. !
 O let our efforts be from hence united
 To heal the wounds these civil broils have made—
 Now that the idle spear shall rust on high,
 O let us gather the rich golden drops,
 That trickle from the dewy wings of peace !
 Thus will we drown the mem'ry of these feuds
 In gen'ral union, and prosperity.
 York fought with Henry : but the King of England
 Shall have no object but the people's good.

FINIS.



EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY HENRY JAMES PYE, Esq.

SPOKEN BY MR. GLEED.

O'ER the deep gloom by night barbaric spread,
When first her beams rekindling Science shed,
Partial and faint, with glimm'ring flame they shone
On cloister'd Learning's favor'd sons alone;
Till, (as th' aerial zone on mortal sight
Diffuses wide the Sun's refracted light)
The PRINTER's art o'er error's devious maze
Pour'd far and wide Truth's intellectual blaze.
No longer then to silent cells confin'd,
Droop'd the free efforts of th' enlighten'd mind;
But home to ev'ry docile breast was brought
All the Divine and all the Sage had taught.

Yet, such of things on earth th' imperfect state,
Attendant ills on ev'ry good await.
Still will the worm the fairest fruit devour,
Still lurks the canker in the sweetest flow'r.
That sacred source, from which alone should flow
Salubrious streams, that health and life bestow,
Sees its polluted waves, a pois'nous tide,
Waft dire contagion, where their waters glide.
That Heav'n-taught art, which o'er the world should show'r
Virtue's pure laws, and meek Religion's pow'r,
Alas! perverted by a demon's hand,
Spreads malice, crimes, and faction thro' the land.

To

EPILOGUE.

To check by Wisdom Vice's headlong force,
To turn misjudging Error from its course,
To make foul Falshood's dim and lurid gleam
Fade at the dawn of Reason's-glowing beam:
Such is our aim—O may your patriot zeal
Assist to realize the hopes we feel.
Tho' Folly's visions cheat awhile the sight
With fairy forms, or spectres of affright,
In its own form each phantom shall appear,
At the first touch of Truth's celestial spear.

And you, ingenuous Youths, who here have found
The germs of science on our classic ground;
Know, all the palms that Learning can bestow,
All the fresh wreaths that bind the Poet's brow,
Are like the hues that paint the May-born flow'r,
The idle glory of a transient hour,
Unless by active Virtue's care consign'd
To guard our country, and to bless mankind!